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*From the Author*

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## FOURTH EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

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FOURTH EPISTLE  
TO  
A FRIEND IN TOWN,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS;  
BY  
CHANDOS LEIGH, Esq.

May it please your Lordship to withdraw yourself  
Unto this neighbouring grove, there shall you hear  
How the sweet treble of the chirping birds,  
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,  
Running delightful descant to the sound  
Of the base murmuring of the bubbling brook,  
Become a concert of good instruments:  
While twenty babbling echoes round about  
Out of the stony concave of their mouths  
Restore the vanish'd music of each close,  
And fill your ears full with redoubled pleasure.

LINGUA.—OLD PLAY.

JOHN MERRIDEW,  
WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON.

MDCCCXXX.



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## TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

---

THE golden morn of youth is gone, and man  
Reaches his noon of life without a plan :  
As snow falls softly on the mountain's height,  
Time passes by : 'tis scarcely eve, 'tis night :  
Though whispers oft the still small voice within,  
To waste, or misapply thy time, is sin.

Yet it is pleasant here to gaze away  
In sweet forgetfulness of cares the day,  
The long long summer's day; while flowers  
exhale  
Their fragrance borne along the western gale, 10  
That o'er our Avon's bosom gently breathes,  
Till in the sun her "crisped smiles" she  
wreathes; (a)  
Or glory in that sun, till thought elate  
Would o'er the horizon round its orb dilate;  
Or trace resemblance to that monarch proud  
Of Alps, Mont Blanc, in some high-towering  
cloud;  
Or wander lonely through the solemn grove  
With every feeling hush'd, save that of love,

Love of a Being who is evermore  
All that a grateful spirit must adore ! 20  
As clouds along the stream in varied hues  
Their lovely shadows rapidly diffuse ;  
So o'er life's current changeful Fancy glides,  
In shapes as fleet and beautiful besides.

All the fine plans thy subtle mind hath  
spun  
Melt into air, like mists before the sun ;  
Yet why regret ? substantial systems wrought  
By heads of statesmen crumble into nought.  
The wings of time, through oft repeated  
shocks,  
Beat down opinions strong as granite rocks ; 30

Senates have sanction'd schemes they now  
deride ;

How mortifying this to human pride !

Bacon has said, then take it in my rhyme,  
The slaves of custom are the sport of time ;  
How, as they strive to check his onward course,  
He whirls them round with a resistless force !  
While knowledge, strong as is the ocean's tide,  
Scatters opposing errors far and wide :  
Sweeping away the veil that time has thrown  
O'er old opinions all must soon disown. 40  
Though knowledge be progressive, mystery  
shrouds  
The glowing sons of fancy in her clouds ;

So brilliant they divert aspiring youth  
From following sober lights hung out by truth.  
But ah ! from them involved within the mass  
Too soon away the brilliant colours pass.

Mystical poetry with wond'rous art  
Entwines itself around the enthusiast's heart.  
Alastor gathers images remote  
From human use, as stimulants to thought. 50  
With projects wild his brain distemper'd teems,  
His world appears impalpable as dreams.  
Vague phantoms take the place of living forms,  
And torturing doubt a noble mind deforms.  
How can a soul which matter clogs, discern  
Abstraction's shadowy tribe ? their nature learn ?

Awhile they rush before our mental sight  
Enlarged, then far recede, and all is night !  
We shape our projects from a chaos wild  
Of dreams that ought not to delude a child ; 60  
Then as our air-built phantasies deceive  
Hopes that are nursed in spite of reason—  
grieve.

Imagination is to mortals given,  
That they might sometimes catch a glimpse of  
heaven,  
But not to be an erring guide, at strife  
With all the sober principles of life :  
To cheat us, as a Prospero with his wand  
Creates and then dissolves a fairy band.

Yet what are all the pleasures as we pass  
Through life, that cheer our pilgrimage, alas ? 70

A ballet at the Opera it seems, (b)  
Is what a poet fancies when he dreams ;  
Oh what a world of poesy is there !  
What delicate spirits people earth and air !  
Angels of light, too fine for Man's embrace—  
They are, if Angels, then a *fallen* race.  
What are these beings of ethereal mould  
By whom the “Muses’ tales are truly told ?”  
Young Claudius knows, whose heart such beauty  
warms,  
That these all-glorious sprites have venal  
charms. 80

But Freedom here can show a nobler prize  
Than loveliest nymph, if Claudius will be wise;  
Fortune and birth, be he but blest with sense,  
Will give him more than labour'd eloquence!  
What though deficient he in Grattan's fire,  
Canning's fine irony, Grey's nobler ire,  
Let him but heed the People's genuine voice,  
Their boundless love will make his heart rejoice.  
Soon will he thank his God that gratitude  
Can warm a peasant's heart however rude! 90

Metella, Fashion's most prevailing star,  
Brilliant as Venus rising in her car;  
Metella (scorn sits lovely on her lips)  
Frowns, can another's radiance her's eclipse?

A purse-proud rival, not in loveliness  
Dares to surpass her, but in wealth's excess.  
Shall then the Day-God's flower that flaunting  
shows  
Its yellow hue, raise envy in the rose ?  
Oh, no ! Metella's splendour far outshines  
Her rival's grandeur, were she queen of  
mines. 100

That unbought grace of life, Taste, waves her  
wand [mand.

Through her saloon—Gold cannot taste com-

Though timid Cocknies scorn (a nerveless  
race) (c)

That life of life, the madness of the chase :

The draw, the find, the soul-exciting burst,  
The burning emulation to be first;  
These *are* delights; but sports must loose their  
zest,  
When days are blank, and spirits are deprest.

Lucilius, burden'd with superfluous coin,  
Pants the kind sharers in his wealth to join, 110  
Where Crockford's palace glares upon his eyes,  
As a proud harlot sense of shame defies.  
How true the proverb, “Cobwebs that enfold  
The less, on greater reptiles loose their hold.”  
Wondering that men can thus their money  
lose;—  
Sons of *virtù*, a better part you choose.

Some book, it matters not in prose or  
rhyme, (d) [tyme”

You buy,—we'll call it “Pleasure's rare Passe-  
Or drag some dusty picture to the day,—  
Cheap, if you have five hundred pounds to  
pay : 120

The picture, you remove the sacred dust,  
Had better in its former station rust ;—  
The book, how vast your agony of grief !  
More precious than the Sibyl's, wants a leaf !

Tullius, whose well-stored library's a hive  
Of sweets the varied flowers of genius give,  
Is but a drone : from book to book he flies ;  
Tastes all, contributes nothing,—useless dies.

Where to support the poor, Bazaars are graced  
With high-born dames behind the counter  
placed : 130

Fair Seraphina studiously displays  
Her pretty wares for charity, or praise.  
Works finish'd by her lovely hands attract  
Attention ; here a novel, there a tract :  
These works her varied inclinations paint ;  
The fair, as fashion wills, is blue, or saint !

This sickly feeling, that can never thrive,  
Unless by Pleasure's aid 'tis kept alive—  
Call you *this* Charity, that He approves  
Who knows the spring that every action  
moves ? 140

*This charity, that's borne, as Angels sing  
To God's eternal mount, on Seraph's wing?*

Though Nature in her noblest mood has  
made  
Sydney in camps, and Howard in the shade,  
Moral phænomena! as rare, I fear,  
As an Iago, or Sir Giles, are here:  
Benevolence, pure element of good,  
Is dash'd with grosser matter in our blood.  
Orfellus gives you feasts, to glut his pride:  
You ask a loan of him, he turns aside. 150  
While Bavius prates of friendship in his verse,  
Yet from the dearest friend withholds his  
purse.—

Fame cries that Appius, generous wight, but  
lives,  
To bless his neighbour: all he has he gives.  
Though in subscriptions be his name enroll'd,  
His virtue glitters—'tis not sterling gold :  
No prayer of those he has relieved by stealth,  
Consecrates alms that trumpet forth his wealth.

Crœsus for unimagined pleasure pants ;  
His very pain is that he nothing wants : 160  
His life, a calm so sick'ning to the soul,  
Were worse to many than the tempest's howl.

”Tis the pursuit that cheers us ; when attain'd,  
The object is as speedily disdain'd ;

Of wealth unbounded, as in rank the first,  
Crœsus with fulness of enjoyment's curst.

Crassus, rich child of dulness lives among  
High orators and mighty sons of song :  
Admitted to the table of the Gods, he's hit,  
Like Vulcan, by their frequent shafts of  
wit.

170

Strange are the qualities in Man commixt !  
Firm in some things, in others how unfixt !  
Can that Valerius, whose high worth is seen  
In public actions, be in private mean ?  
Or can Ambrosius point beyond the grave  
A Hell for sinners, and become a knave ?

How the arch-tempter loves within his toils  
To catch reluctant dragons ! they *are* spoils.  
The same imaginary sorrows vex  
Unquiet spirits, the same cares perplex ; 180  
Go to the Court, what characters are there ?  
The same by Pope described, or La Bruyère.

Eugenius daily with unwearied zeal  
Resumes his labours for the common weal ;  
Neglects his fine estate, with study pale  
O'erworks his brains, and what does this avail ?  
The dullest idler may in public speak  
Better than him — our Patriot's nerves are  
weak.

Ascanius for his trade to honest dives  
Into the depths of policy, and strives 190  
In sabbathless pursuit of fame to be  
What never with his nature can agree.  
Too good, though train'd up in the statesman's  
school,  
To see through those whom selfish passions rule;  
Too sensitive to bear against the blast  
Of faction till its rage be overpast.  
  
Each flying shade, each transient light will  
throw  
Young Flaccus into fits of joy or woe.—  
The breath of censure, frown of scorn, will shake  
His frame, until his heart-strings almost break.  
[200]

If but a feather's weight oppress his nerves,  
The mind disjointed from its purpose swerves.

Scarce on his self-raised eminence appear'd  
Publius ; the harrass'd sons of freedom cheer'd.  
To him, as to the pillar'd fire that burn'd  
At night before the Israelites, they turn'd.  
Struggling 'gainst tyranny's recurring wave  
They heard his voice, all-powerful to save ;  
(A voice that fulminating o'er Europe shamed  
Power from attempting schemes that cunning  
framed,) 210

With energy renew'd then upwards sprung,  
And firmly to their rock of safety clung.

As falls the mighty column in its pride,  
Publius had reach'd Ambition's height, and  
died.

Perish'd a statesman as erect and great,  
As from its watch-tower e're o'erlook'd the  
state.

Political Economy ! how few (<sup>e</sup>)  
Through thy strange labyrinth can find a  
clue;  
Soon as he enters it the Tyro's lost,  
On every side by turns of "value" crost. 220  
Then let Ricardo, mighty guide, direct  
His steps, let Malthus shout each different  
sect.

Dear is our country to us, *dear* our law,  
As perfect as a gem without a flaw :  
Were he alive the dicast-lashing bard,  
Whose wit is brilliant, though 'tis somewhat  
hard,  
Would Mitchell's great Apollo dart his gibe (f)  
At virtuous England's fee-receiving tribe ?  
While Justice with her well-poised balance  
stands, [hands. 230  
The weights pass slowly through a thousand  
Since some there are who, menaced with a  
jail  
Invent, by conscience unappall'd, a tale ;  
Who join a company whose traffic lies  
In certain wares, that men call perjuries ;

Who live begirt by knaves from day to day  
On alms supplied them by the law's delay.

Invention comes, unfolding every hour,  
Of steam the almost preternatural power.  
What cannot mind achieve whose magic skill  
Rules this reluctant element at will? 240  
It may perchance some mightier power create,  
That now in depths of night its<sup>p</sup> fiat wait.  
Improvement points to paths yet unexplored,  
Where realms of science richest spoils afford.

Hundreds, where one but formerly essay'd,  
Attempt through learning's deepest paths to  
wade :

Fame's temple with her thousand portals still  
Is placed on high ; but all ascend the hill.  
Ye few secure yon heights above to keep  
Your stations now—is this a time to sleep ? 250  
The mild interpreter of Nature now  
Had been a Faustus centuries ago, (g)  
Nor God, nor Daemon scarcely prized, no  
more,  
He adds his mite unto the common store,  
The gain of patient thought ; meanwhile en-  
crease  
Through mutual intercourse the gifts of peace.  
Commerce, the nurse of Freedom, rears afar  
Her flag triumphant o'er wide-wasting war.

Though prejudice still struggles to maintain  
Her long ascendancy, she strives in vain. 260

The “Georgics of the mind,” so widely  
spread  
Is knowledge, make the rudest hind well-bred.  
Beggars in metaphor your alms entreat,  
And low born knaves like Gentlemen can cheat.  
Milkmuids write flowing lines on purling rills,  
And Owen’s happy children dance quadrilles.  
Some master minds there are, that still excel  
The rest, as Davy’s vast discoveries tell;  
Unrivalled in his art, with what success,  
He bore the Torch through Chemistry’s re-  
cess!

From age to age his deep research shall wake  
Some genius slumbering else on Lethe's lake,  
Whose talents in a moment may, by chance,  
For years the knowledge of his art advance.

The sun of science with its noonday blaze  
Glorious would strike our Bacon with amaze,  
Were he again revisiting this earth  
To view its progress, as he hail'd its birth.

But genius came all-perfect from above,  
As sprung Minerva from the head of Jove, 280  
Play'd in bold lightnings o'er the Theban's  
lyre,  
And shone round Homer's head a crown of fire:

Fresh as their air, and brilliant as their sky,  
Flow'd on the deep stream of their Poesy.  
In lovely Greece, while yet the world was  
young,  
Pregnant with intellect such Poets sung ;  
In that fair clime, by subtle Taste refined  
Came forth the rich creations of the mind.  
Beauty and wit, bright idols of the crowd,  
Beneath a veil of allegory glow'd. 290

Are not our Bards of olden times confest  
By all to be more potent than the rest ?

Shakspeare, whate'er I may presume to  
call (h)

Thee, Moralist, Bard, Sage, or all in all ;

May I approach thy intellectual throne,  
While now all spirits are to thee as known  
As once on earth mankind, and bow the knee,  
Thou Idol of an English heart, to thee.

Compared with thine, the noblest dramas fraught  
With genius, are but rudiments of thought ; 300  
And images the bard profusely pours,  
As if he never could exhaust his stores,

On every glowing verse, but give the change  
Of a few fancies circumscribed in range.

Invention's unborn sons might yet produce  
Works, bending Nature's will to human use ;  
Another Watt may bless mankind ; but when  
Shall Shakspeare's inspiration live again ?

Shakspeare, the glorious morning-star that  
cheer'd  
Our dawn of literature, has disappear'd ; 310  
What light has since uprisen to adorn  
The noon, as that illumed the purple morn ?  
One like a meteor (i) (Nations gazed, admired,)  
Rush'd on our sight, blazed momently, expired.  
Its radiance, flashing on thy memory, warms  
Thee still ; in dreams its noble aspect charms.

The rage for all that's marvellous and new  
Pervades the crowd, a love of truth but few.  
With Shakspeare, and the Northern Seer con-  
tent  
Why heed we what inferior minds invent ? 320

Far as our language spreads, from clime to  
clime,

Is Shakspeare's muse upborne on wings of time :  
Thousands unborn her glorious flight shall  
hail :—

Nature is ever felt though customs fail.

Now Authors come at fashion's call in haste  
To please with varied food the public taste.  
Well ! they are idols of the day, and have  
All that they want—what's fame beyond the  
grave ?

An unsubstantial glare that flickers o'er  
Ambition's dangerous eminence, no more— 330

Let Milton wait posterity's award,  
'Tis present gain that charms the modern  
bard.

A bard triumphant, disregarding facts,  
Some known event from History's page ex-  
tracts :

Drawn from a Poem that just praise hath won,  
The tale is through a lengthen'd novel spun ;  
Herc fiction o'er a *wider* surface blends  
Itself with truth, and common sense offends.

Are not the Novelists whose bright renown  
Blazed through all Italy—now scarcely known ?

Except Boccacio ; (He who reads *must* smile  
At his fine wit, and love his perfect style.)  
And yet the gems that from inventions mine  
They drew, than ours more beautifully shine.

A tale of real life by fashion wove,  
Each has its season, high and low approve.  
Another follows, incidents surprise—  
And scenes of woe with tears fill loveliest  
eyes.

As a high crested wave o'ertops the rest,  
Then foaming breaks on Ocean's heaving  
breast ;

Thus towers awhile, his Brother Bards among,  
Some mightier Poet, how sublime in song !  
Till, on the wide expanse of ages cast,  
He's caught within oblivion's gulph at last !

Since thoughts successive in another sphere,  
Excel those of our brightest moments here ;  
Why should *he* seek distinction, which acquired,  
He may hereafter scorn, though now desired !  
Unless the master-spirits of this earth  
Then relatively greater shall shine forth. 360

How oft in bygone days we loved to quote  
Each gentle verse that Pope to Harley wrote ;

(k)

Or that sweet lay, in which while he adored  
"Mary in Heaven," poor Burns his soul out-  
pour'd ;  
To snatch, can words the depth or breadth  
express  
Of Wordsworth? 'raptured with their loveliness,  
The pearls of wisdom, that, beneath his stream  
Of poetry, as pure as Derwent's, gleam.  
Oh these are Poets we may call divine ;  
Like Angels standing in the Sun, they shine. 370  
Point out to us exultingly the way  
That leads to Truth's abode as bright as day.  
They give the freshest hue to every flower  
Year after year ; they waken thoughts that  
tower

Above our sordid schemes on earth ; they blend  
Emotions here, with those which heavenward  
tend.

My we, once having past death's confines, see  
In their own orbs the great, the good, the  
free :

That "old man eloquent" (1) whose mind was  
stored

[380]

With ancient, modern lore, a boundless hoard !  
Whose genius e'en o'er common subjects threw  
Embroidery of language ever new !

Newton ! La Place ! what mind can compre-

hend

[ascend !

The worlds through which all-seeing they

While to their gaze as crystal mirrors clear,  
The wonders of the Universe appear.  
As knowledge burns within them, on their sight  
In full perspective burst the realms of light,  
One blaze, no momentary cloud obscures,  
Such as the eye of mind alone endures ! 390

From strength to strength, unclogg'd by  
grosser sense,

Progressive grows each fine intelligence.

The shades of mystery vanishing, at last

All harmonize—the present—future—past

Like interchange of sunbeams, thought w<sup>th</sup> a

thought [sought :]

thought

[sought :]

Has quick communion,—wisdom comes un-

And mind with all the sciences instinct  
That rainbow-like are blended yet distinct,  
With mind converses ; envy never throws  
One shadow there where Love's pure effluence  
flows.

400

Oh what ineffable delight above,  
To know, to feel, that all around *is* love.

Though broken be the lute, the magic skill  
Of the musician lives within him still.  
Shall not that efflux bright from Heaven, the  
mind,  
Survive the ruins of its “corporal rind” ?  
Crown'd with surpassing beauty far and wide  
Then range, and Time's decaying touch deride.

Drawing by turns into itself whate'er  
It sees around that's wonderful or fair? 410

Collecting knowledge infinite each hour,  
As the Bee gathers sweets from every flower.

Beings we partially imagine now,  
Gay creatures of our day-dreams, then will glow  
Star-like in lustre, beauteous as that morn,  
When above Eden's mount the Day-God rose  
new-born,

Will pass in waves of light the mind before  
That *then* may dare their nature to explore:  
Whatever be its element; or flame,  
Or finer essence that we cannot name. 420

## NOTES.



## NOTES ON THE FOURTH EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

---

(a) *Till in the sun her crisped smiles she wreathes.*

That o'er the interminable ocean wreathes  
Your crisped smiles.

*Potter's translation of the Prometheus Vinclus  
of Æschylus.*

Non avea pur Natura ivi dipinto,  
Ma di soavità di mille odori  
Vi facea un incognito indistinto.—*Dante.*

---

(b) *A ballet at the Opera it seems.*

There is nothing certainly in the artificial world more attractive than an Opera ballet, where for a time you seem to be transported among “*amoretti alati*,” scenes worthy

of Paradise, roseate clouds and “ gay creatures of the element.”

Quæ nec mortales dignantur visere cœtus,  
Nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.

Thus Venus look'd, when from the waveless sea  
She rose ; (her rising Nature smiled to see,)  
Loosely enrobed, and brighter than the morn  
On ear of young Hyperion upborn ;  
Fresh as the rose, her limbs impearl'd with spray,  
In floating shell the Queen of Rapture lay ;  
Admiring Mermaids throng'd to grace her train,  
The Syrens sang, and Nereids skimm'd the main.

MS.

---

(c) *Though timid cocknies scorn, a nerveless race.*

In spite of the ridicule of Fielding and other writers, I will venture to say, that those only deprecate the pleasures of the chase who know not how to enjoy them : the songs of Tyrtæus, who roused his countrymen to battle, and infused into them an unconquerable courage, are not more spirit-stirring than the verses on the Epwell hunt.—*Vol. 3, page 457, Daniel's Rural Sports, 4to edition*

Even the greatest philosophers have enjoyed, and the greatest poets have extolled, the pleasures of the chase.

Diogenus Laertius describes Xenophon as fond of the sports of the field. Virgil's fine lines in the third book of his Georgics are well known,

Sæpe etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros,  
Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere damas ;  
Sæpe volutabris pulsos silvestribus apros  
Latratu turbabis agens, montesque per altos  
Ingenti clamore premes ad retia cervos.

And Dryden in his letter to his Cousin, with more poetical animation, perhaps, than knowledge of sporting, says,

With crowds attended of your ancient race  
You seek the champaign sports, or sylvan chase ;  
With well breathed beagles you surround the wood,  
Even then industrious of the common good ;  
And often have you brought the wily fox  
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks ;  
Chased even amid the folds, and made to bleed  
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.

Sir Francis Burdett, perhaps the most eloquent speaker in the House of Commons, is not the worse orator for being "a good Meltonian."

(d) *Some book it matters not in prose or rhyme.*

In a “priced Roxburgh catalogue,” are the following books or tracts,

No. 3268. The Passetyme of Pleasure, by Stephen Hawys. 4to. very rare. London, Wynken de Worde, 1517. £81.

No. 3284. The Castell of Pleasure. 4to. very scarce. Wynken de Worde. £64.

What earthly *pleasure* these “Castells and Passetymes” give to the possessor, it is not perhaps very easy to determine; but, as the noble author of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers” justly observes,

“A book’s a book although there’s nothing in’t.”

---

(e) Political economy is a study as yet in its infancy; and so it will continue to be, as long as men are not agreed about the precise terms by which they would convey their ideas on this most interesting subject.

Is value absolute or relative? Are values of commodities to each other as values of their labours? Is labour or money the most accurate measure of value? Can there be such a thing as an invariable measure of value?

The disciples of Ricardo and Malthus differ upon points of essential importance. Are profits solely governed by the value of the last lands that are taken into cultivation? May not saving from revenue, to add to capital, be carried to too great an extent? Is it true that if one branch of trade be overstocked, some other must necessarily be understocked? Are a body of unproductive consumers necessary to stimulate demand and to encrease production?

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(f) *Would Mitchell's great Apollo dart his gibe?*

Aristophanes: see his "Vespæ" in which the courts of justice at Athens are severely satirized. But, after all, who would form his opinion of those courts from the lively, caustic representations of a satirical comic poet? As well might posterity form its opinion of a House of Commons in the reigns of Queen Anne, or the first George, from Swift's famous description of the "Legion Club."

Great praise is due to Mr. Peel and Mr. Brougham (in the great work of reforming the law they may be classed together as fellow-labourers in the same vineyard,) for their exertions in endeavouring to remove the anomalies that are everywhere apparent in our civil as well as criminal code of jurisprudence.

"It is not possible, indeed, to estimate how valuable an offer he makes to society who gives it a single good law. There are but few words, perhaps, that compose it; but in those few words may be involved an amount of good, increasing progressively with each generation, which, if it could have been known in all its amplitude to the legislator at the time when he contrived his project, would have dazzled and overwhelmed his very power of thought. What is true of a new law, that relates to some positive institution, is, as may be supposed, equally true of those laws which merely repeal and remedy the past; since a single error in policy may, in long continuance, produce as much evil, as a single wise enactment may in its long continuance, produce good."

—*Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. 4. page 354.

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(g) The disposition of the people in former days to attribute any new discovery to magic, is apparent in the following anecdote of Otto Gurike, (who lived about the year 1640,) a wealthy magistrate of Magdeburgh, the discoverer of the air-pump.

Gurike took great pleasure in a huge water barometer erected in his house. It consisted of a tube above thirty feet high, rising along the wall and terminated by a tall and rather wide tube, hermetically sealed, containing a toy of

the shape of a man. The whole being filled with water and set in a balance on the ground, the column of liquor settled to the proper altitude, and left the toy floating on its surface ; but all the lower part of the tube being concealed under the wainscoating, the little image or weather mannikin, as he was called, made its appearance only when raised up to view in fine weather. This whimsical contrivance, which received the name of amenoscope, or *semper vivum*, excited among the populace vast admiration : and the worthy magistrate was in consequence shrewdly suspected of being too familiar with the powers of darkness.—*Supplement to Encyclopædia Britannica, art. Barometer.*

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(b) *Shakspeare, whate'er I may presume to call.*

He unites in his existence the utmost elevation and the utmost depth ; and the most foreign and even apparently irreconcilable properties, subsist in him peaceably together. The world of spirits and nature have laid all their treasures at his feet. In strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he lowers himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority, and is as open and unassuming as a child.—*Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. ii.*

(i) Byron.

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(k) *Each gentle verse that Pope to Harley wrote.*

How beautiful and unaffected are the following lines in the Epistle addressed by Pope to the Earl of Oxford.

“ And sure if aught below the seats divine,  
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a soul like thine.  
A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,  
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,  
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,  
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

And yet there are writers who have asserted that Pope was no Poet, that he was a mere versifier, and deficient in natural feeling !

---

(l) Burke

P O E M S .



## RECOLLECTIONS AT —

WRITTEN IN OCT. 1826.

---

Wild flowers, that fancy o'er our path has

strown,

So gay in youth, maturer years embrown ;

Nature's high instinct, like the vernal gales,

In childhood fresh'ning o'er the heart, prevails !

Shadows of beauty then around us come

Like trails of glory from the soul's first home,

Embellishing existence—they are gone,  
Gone like the light that yesterday hath shone.

Yet forms that are, most beautiful remain,  
They do not woo the poet's love in vain :  
While his fine genius gives to all he sees  
Their natural colours, they must ever please !  
His thought-embodying mind can well express  
Sensations others do not feel the less.

With variegated hues adorn'd, below  
A mellow autumn's sun, the woodlands glow ;  
All is unbreathing silence, not a rush  
Stirs, not a sound breaks through the noon-day hush.

Years have elapsed, but what are years, since  
they,

Whom I remember here, have past away !

Like to a sun-burst gathering clouds among,

Probus shone forth above the worldly throng

That walk in darkness, warming all who came

Within his influence, yet unmark'd by fame. (a)

He drew towards God, with sweet attractive  
force,

Those who deflected from the proper course.

Though mild to others to himself severe,

He ne'er relax'd, content that Heaven was  
near :

Religion early on his heart engraved

The maxim, be thou watchful to be saved.

His mind, within its tenement of dust,  
Rose unassailable by passion's gust :  
The pyramid, thus heavenward pointing, stands  
Above the desert's ever-whirling sands.

Habitual piety had given a tone  
Of feeling to him, that seem'd his alone ;  
The calm intensity of which, unquell'd  
By tumults of the world, each act impell'd.  
He has received the meed of faith, and now  
The cross shines forth triumphant on his brow.

He too, who while on earth could nothing  
find  
To satisfy the longings of his mind,

So ill by grosser spirits understood,  
Realizes now his dream of perfect good.

That dream, a light prophetic as he mused,  
Gradual his mind's horizon circumfused ;  
Promise through intervening mists of sense,  
Of knowledge infinite, of love intense :  
Love, as truth opes the everlasting doors  
Of Heaven for the beloved of God, outpours  
Through depths of space, from suns-embracing  
zones,  
Harmonious joy in fragrance-breathing tones.

The light-encircled spirits seem to move  
As visitants from Heaven through yonder grove ;

Though the world's follies be by them forgot,  
Yet they might wish to consecrate the spot,  
With their occasional presence, that on earth  
They loved, where ripen'd first for Heaven  
their worth ;  
There, there to flourish in its proper soil,  
Not asking, to support it, further toil.  
Virtue is there identified with Being,  
Splendours we vaguely guess at ever seeing ;  
Splendours ineffable, that Milton's pen  
Scarce shadowed out, above our mental ken.—  
Now they commingle with that holy race,  
Whom powers that emanate from God em-  
brace !

Measureless knowledge — man here *vainly*  
craves —

Now circumscribes them, as the sea its waves:  
Not flashing forth and vanishing by turns,  
Devotion's steady flame above them burns ;  
And happiness, that through this vale of tears  
Scarce smiles on man, to them how bright  
appears !



## NOTE ON RECOLLECTIONS AT —

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(a) *Within his influence, yet unmark'd by fame.*

Many a time God is present in the still voice and private retirement of a quiet religion; and the constant spiritualities of an ordinary life; when the loud and impetuous winds, and the strong fires of more laborious and expensive actions are profitable to others; like a tree of balsam distilling precious liquours for others, not for its own use.—*Jeremy Taylor.*



## ADDRESS TO MY CIGAR,

WRITTEN UNDER ITS OPERATIVE INFLUENCE.

*“Ex fumo dare lucem.”*

---

Cigar, thou comfort of my life,  
With joy I taste thy fragrant leaf ;  
It soothes me when my heart's at strife  
With the world's cares ; it gives relief  
When at an Inn in lonely hour  
Blue Devils rush before my sight :  
Its sweet intoxicating power  
Turns Devils into Angels bright :

The cold that chills my feeble frame,  
As damps arise, it soon dispels ;  
In thee composure, or what name  
Does better suit the feeling, dwells.  
A self-complacency that creeps  
O'er all the senses, thou alone  
Canst give ; then every passion sleeps,  
And thought assumes a milder tone.  
At every whiff, a gentle heat  
Like that of Love within me glows :  
Through thee my friends are doubly sweet  
To me, I almost love my foes.—  
If such thy virtues be, Cigar ;  
When other consolations fail,

If thou canst drive from man afar,  
Those sorrows that his heart assail ;  
If thou canst make the world appear  
As in a Glass of Claude Lorrain  
Of loveliest hues—why then, 'tis clear  
Thou better art than Wright's Champagne !

## THE WOOD-NYMPH.

---

Saw you the Wood-Nymph pass this way,  
As light in her step as a spirit of air  
With cheeks all glowing, with look so gay,  
While the breeze plays with her beautiful  
hair.

Nature alone can give the grace  
That tempers vivacity in her fair form ;  
Like Dian she moves, but her lovely face  
With rose-hues Dione might envy is warm.

She bounded along like the gentle fawn  
Through the glade, then rapidly glided away.  
Thus vanish the fairies at break of dawn,  
When their revels have ended beneath the  
moon's ray.

WRITTEN ON A FINE MORNING.

---

Another morn will rise  
With splendour on its wings,  
But this forever flies  
Away while beauty flings  
A thousand colours o'er  
The earth, *they* reappear :  
Yet thou wilt never more  
Our hearts exulting cheer

Sweet morn, on balmy gales  
Where dost thou speed thy flight,  
To worlds where Love prevails  
And wantons with Delight ;

Where ever blooming youth,  
With Pleasure at his side,  
And Innocence and Truth  
In golden courts abide.

Then gentle morn awhile  
Thy odours let me breathe :  
Heaven seems above to smile,  
'Tis Paradise beneath.

Flowers freshly gemm'd with dew  
In tears entreat thy stay ;  
And birds of every hue  
Sing "Why so soon away."

The massy woods whose deep  
Green is illum'd with gold ;  
Would fain the colours keep  
Thy radiance doth unfold.

Thy rose-hues lovely morn  
Yet linger on the lake,  
Then why as soon as born  
Wilt thou the world forsake.

## BELIEVE ME SHE IS TRUE INDEED.

---

Believe me she is true indeed ;

Whatever you surmise

Impartial be, and you may read

Her faith in her bright eyes.

Beaming with candor, every look

Gives evidence of Love ;

Oh do not then of Nature's book

The language disapprove.

Her smiles most eloquently speak  
The self-approving glow  
Of conscience, roses on her cheek  
The health of virtue shew.

Hypocrisy could never give  
To woman such a grace ;  
As seems, a sign from Heaven, to live  
In her angelic face.

Believe me she is true indeed ;  
Whatever you surmise  
Impartial be, and you may read  
Her faith in her bright eyes.

## VERSES ON HAWTHORNDEN.

---

Who can describe thy charms sweet Haw-  
thornden,  
Fit residence of poetry and love ?

What fair variety is here ; the glen, [above,  
Rocks cloth'd with oak and beech that rise  
The Esk's impetuous stream below, the ken  
Of thy romantic mansion, as we rove,  
Thy winding walks among ! ah, where s the  
pen [cove ?  
Of thine own bard, to paint wood, rock, and

## NOTE.

---

Hawthornden, once the abode of the Poet Drummond, is placed on a high rock or precipice, overlooking the river Esk, that runs rapidly below : the rocky sides of the glen, as you approach this delightful retreat, are covered with oak and birch that spring up from every crevice.\* There are several caves in the rocks, in one of which, it is said that, the patriot Wallace was concealed for two days.

---

\* “How fresh an’ fair o’ varied hue,  
Ilk tufted haunt o’ sweet Bucclaugh!  
What bliss ilk green retreat to hail,  
Where Melvile Castle cheers the vale;  
An’ Mavisbank sae rural gay,  
Looks bonnie down the woodland brae;  
But doubly fair ilk darling scene,  
That screens the bowers of Hawthorn-dean.”—*Gall.*

## PERFECTIBILITY.

The age of Sophists, Economists, and Calculators  
has succeeded.

BURKE.

---

While Institutions thrive; and Boys are  
made  
Philosophers by adventitious aid;  
Some seers predict, their prescience not divine,  
That in this world far greater lights will  
shine.

Then through the night of ages will the star  
Of Shakspeare seem a luminous point afar;

That Governments more perfect will be wrought  
By an improved machinery of thought !

Power yet evades, with cunning for a guide,  
Deep plans by knowledge framed to curb his  
pride.

Awhile he may recede ; but reappears,  
As superstition vile her flag uprears :  
Then (let the theorist of his race be proud,)  
Around her troop the pomp-adoring crowd :  
The despot slyly fastens on their necks  
His chain, adieu to legislative checks.

Is an Utopian commonwealth the sole  
Object of thought, *that* only reason's goal ?

And has the world unknown no higher bliss  
Then that which sanguine minds predict in  
this?

But now devotion, fond enthusiasts say,  
Diffuses all around a brighter day.  
Seeming Religion walks not in this age  
With noiseless step, like Heralds on a stage  
Zealots blow loud the woe-trumpet, then urge  
Denunciations, rising surge o'er surge,  
Against their weaker brethren, through the town  
They gain—but where's their charity—renown.

Where is the zeal for virtue that entire  
Circled the soul—an unconsuming fire,

That strength of purpose, which, as Jesus still'd  
The raging sea, the calm of passions will'd?

Who like the poet-Preacher\* glows with love  
Inbreathed by the Great Spirit from above,  
Who once on sacred heads in tongues of flame,  
Down from the triune Sun of Glory came;  
Illumining with inward light, exprest  
Thus visibly, the synod of the blest.

\* Jeremy Taylor.

JAN. 30, 1830.

## A LIBERAL MAN.

---

The generous Man—he whom the world  
commends,

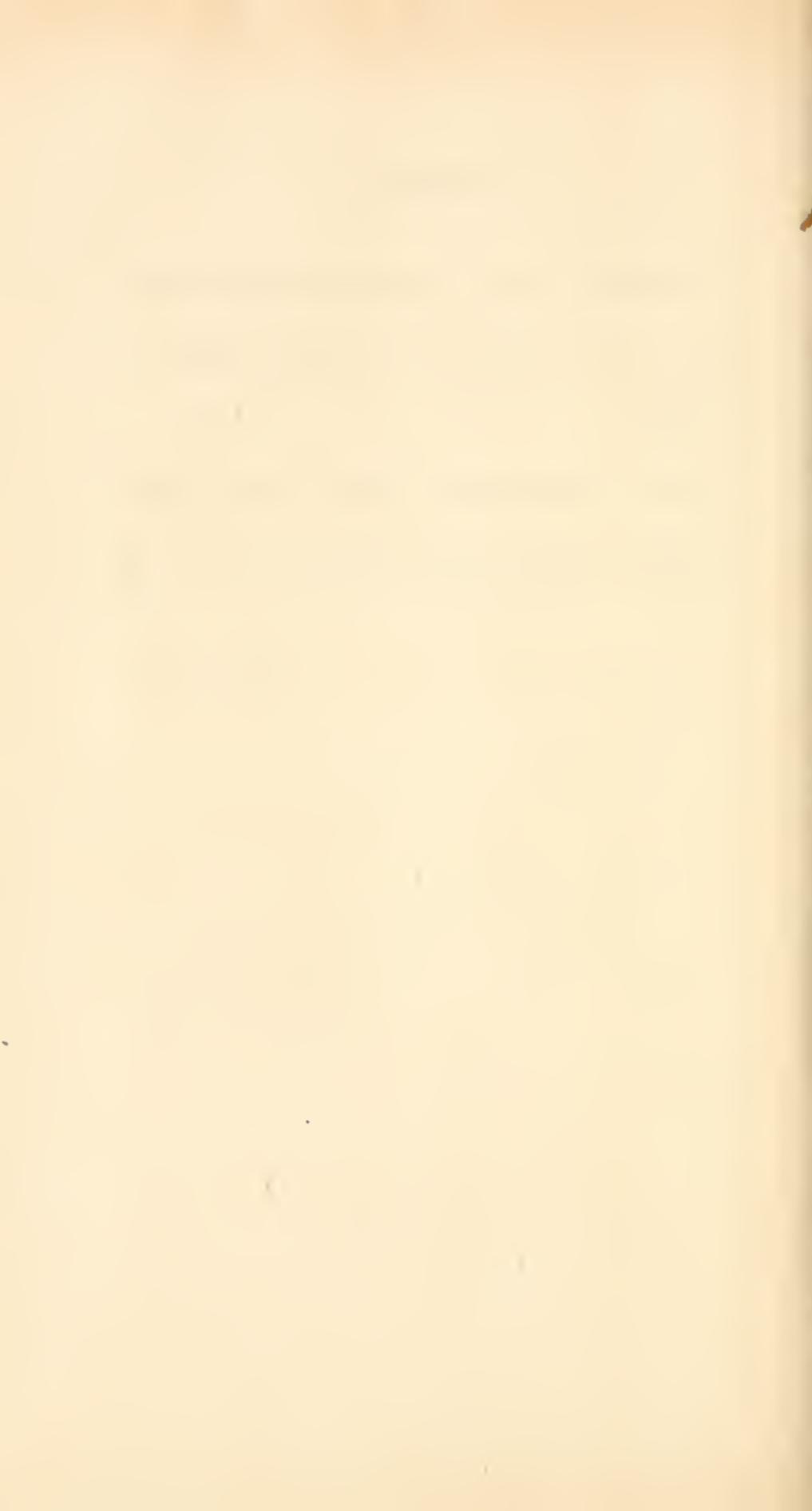
Fills high the sparkling wine-cup for his friends  
And yet this hospitable reveller lives  
For self, for self alone his banquet gives.

Hates a poor relative, and if he err  
Will paint in darkest hues his character.  
And chuckling, say within himself, “the worse  
His fame may be, the safer is my purse.”

What though this Pharisee exalts his horn  
On high, and views a Brother's woes with  
scorn ; [Heaven,  
When placed before the judgment-seat of  
The scorner may be lost—the scorn'd forgiven.

FEB. 1, 1830.







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